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The subscription price to THE WILMINGTON POST is \$2.00 per year in advance for clubs of 10 or 20 \$3.00 per copy. The circulation of the Post is the largest of any paper in North Carolina.

R. KENNEDY, Business Manager.

BANK OF NEW HANOVER.

Authorized Capital \$1,000,000

Paid Capital \$700,000

Surplus Fund \$50,000

W. B. GRAVES, President.

W. W. WALKER, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Capital \$250,000

L. L. BURKE, President.

C. W. WALKER, Cashier.

DAWSON BANK.

Capital \$100,000

J. M. KENNEDY, President.

W. W. WALKER, Cashier.

KEEP COOL.

The Post commends why it is that the great producers of temper in individuals, and why it is that certain newspapers, which are often but the mirrors of individual opinions and feelings, so often and so generally make fools of themselves when things don't please them.

We have fair samples of such daily and news papers among us. We have those among us who are most happily affected by defeat than a reversal of fortune would suppose. We have among us a lot of scorch ads who possess the vanity to suppose that God's anger revolved around their empty heads, and that the prestige of names same by ancestors who died a century ago, give them the right per se to occupy the lofty places of the land, and show their dead is all sufficient for the life to come, who seem to suppose that no right even to look, without their permission, which is never granted.

These individuals seem to be under the impression that "blue blood" alone is worthy to rule, and that that article flows in no other veins than theirs. To them to be counted among the "blue bloods" is the acme of human felicity. It makes but little difference with them how they became possessed of the desirable fluid, or even the precise quality of it—whether their impregnation with it was by the true descent of consanguinity or that it was obtained by some outside arrangement—whether the possession of it was at one time the driver of a butcher's cart on the Bowery or had in his early youth been a disciple of St. Crispin and had earned a precarious living by patching old shoes for coal heaters and street sweepers, so long as the butcher cart and the cobbler's bench are the things of past years and distant times, and they can mingle their plebeian blood with that of the aristocracy, or buy themselves a birth-right to the charmed circle by a cheerful and judicious scattering of their funds and a liberal distribution of their wealth for invitations to eat of their roast beef and drink of their wine—particularly of the whiskey, and a loud mouthed and persistent laudation of the somewhat "charmed circle" and its carnal food of cerulean hue.

But, alas and alas, and we unfortunately have among us classes of people who never aspire to wear blue blood in their veins, and affect to hold in derision all those who think it the sure and only pass to respectability, and the only badge of honor, entitling the possessor thereof to all the virtues, all the brains, all the intelligence and all the everything else desirable in the community. The presumptions impudence of these people is simply amazing. Is there an election to be held, even for the choice of Aldermen of a little city, and the blue bloods in the exercise of their heaven bestowed prerogative, step forward and say that so and so of their number shall be the nominees for whom all the plebeians must vote, and at once these impudent fellows, these men who do not belong to the heaven favored class—these men who have no vestige of blue blood in their veins—who are nothing but laborers, or mechanics, or day-laborers, or the keepers of oyster gro-

CITY ITEMS.

We will soon find out what that coon dog is worth.

Old March has been fairly sporting for the past week. The way she is going on now we don't think she will have to borrow from April to finish raising the breeze.

The Review states it as a rule, that "the poor are more wasteful than the rich"—and states that as a reason why they remain so. We always thought Josh was a wasteful fellow.

Yesterday, according to the Church Calendar, was Maundy Thursday. Now just what Maundy Thursday is a great many people don't know, and but very few Christians can tell them.

Upon the receipt of TWENTY CENTS from any subscriber to *Frank Leslie's Lady's Journal* the elegant new Chromo, "My Pretty Maid," will be sent, inclosed in a strong tube, postage prepaid. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

GOOD FRIDAY.—We understand that the several banks of this city, and probably some of the business houses on the wharf, will be closed to business today, this being Good Friday. It is not a legal holiday, however, and you are not obliged to go to church if you don't want to.

And now the question is regarding the mind of a certain blue blooded Democrat as to what extent he made a fool of himself when he told a Dawson and Voller man the other day that "a bolter was not entitled to recognition any more than a dog." Guess he is sorry he said it.

BUY B'S.—On election day last week the B's fairly buzzed and hummed in the Fourth Ward. They were in a swarm, and the rivalry between the B. B. B's (busy blue bloods) on the one hand and the B. B. B's (booby bolter bolters) on the other, things were decidedly lively.

The question has been asked, why was it that a Democratic aspirant for Alderman honors in the Second Ward felt so interested in other people's business as to send a delegation of "B. Select" to assist in the election of certain Republicans in another Ward? Don't everybody speak at once.

And now the Governor has gone and done it again. The intermixed and immaculate Democracy of the Fifth Ward nominated Mr. E. G. Barnitz for a position on the Board of Audit, and with his accustomed disregard of the wishes of the people, he has submerged another man in his place. O, tears!

Demorest's Magazine for April is splendid. Young and old, alike, will find its pages filled with the cream of interesting and useful reading. The beautiful Easter Cross Chromo is presented to each subscriber in the April number, and in the May number will be given a beautiful May-day Chromo. Send to W. Jennings Demorest, 17 East 14 street, New York.

THE BOARD OF AUDIT.—Governor Vance has appointed an commissioned the following persons as the Board of Audit and Finance for this city.

First Ward—William D. Mahn.
Second Ward—Norkwood Giles.
Third Ward—Richard J. Jones.
Fourth Ward—David G. Worth.
Fifth Ward—Thomas W. Player.

MILITARY.—We are informed that at a company meeting of the Sumner Light Infantry, held at their armory on Wednesday evening last, an election was held for officers, at which George L. Mabson was unanimously elected Captain, Alex. Sampson First Lieutenant, Francis Payne Second Lieutenant, and King McCall, Ensign. These gentlemen are the original officers of this company, elected at its organization in 1874. Captain Mabson was Colonel of the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteer Militia, which was disbanded by an act passed for the purpose of disbanding all colored military organizations in the State.

The publishers of *Godey's Lady's Book*, offers to send to every subscriber, whether single or in a Club, who pays in advance for 1877, and remits direct to this office, a copy of "The Mother's Joy," a fine Chromo from the press of Messrs. Mear & Knapp, of New York, who have the reputation of being the best Chromo printers in the United States. The popularity that has attended the premium feature the last four years has induced the publisher to again offer to his subscribers another fine Chromo. The subject is one that every mother will be delighted with, and cannot be procured in any other way than by sending your subscription in advance to the office of the LADY'S BOOK.

"Mother Crawford sent me here to get a dinner-crat," said Pat. "A what?" exclaimed the astonished shopkeeper. "A dinner-crat," repeated the Irishman. "Now wasn't it a dinner-crat that sent you to get?" "And sure, it's feeding and me ye are. What's the differ? Isn't it all the same thing whether it's a dinner-crat or a dinner-crat. It's something to hold bad whiskey any-how."

It is a matter that has been discussed among the more liberal Democrats of this city, in view of the fact that a leading Democrat had said that "a bolter is not entitled to recognition any more than a dog," whether or not free men cannot vote for whom they please for Aldermen without being insulted for doing so.

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Last week a white man named Win. D. Mahn and another white man named George Bailey had a fist-cuff fight on a wharf on the west side of the river. Mahn was not the man to return the compliment that he received, from his adversary, and was knocked seven ways for Sunday. Losing one tooth and a quantity of blood, and now carrying one eye in mourning for the Fourth Ward. Mahn made the affidavit and the other fellow and Squire Gardner fixed it, the State making \$20 and the Squire the costs.

The first term of the new Criminal Court for New Hanover county will convene in this city on Monday, his Honor Judge O. P. Meares, presiding. The late unsuccessful commander of the left wing of General Joe Johnston's army, the late unsuccessful king-fisher of the ragin waters of the Cape Fear, the late unsuccessful local editor of the late very unsuccessful *Journal* will attend as Solicitor and prosecute for the state. We allude to the late Colonel Benjamin R. Moore. We understand that Major John W. Dunham who was appointed Clerk of this Court, has not yet given his \$10,000 bond. Why don't some of the "wealth and intelligence" come up and sign that bond?

THAT COON DOG.—We were amused the other day at the recital of a story that was told of a negro who had purchased a "coon dog" from a fellow African. The occasion was soon taken advantage of by the darkey to go coon hunting and "try the dog." He had been highly recommended by the seller, who assured the purchaser that he was just what was wanted. The new owner of the dog, when he got into the swamp, discovered signs of game, and "scented" the dog on—but the dog didn't want any. The hunter discovered the desired coon up a tree and went for him—not having an axe he climbed up the tree and shook the coon out, which, falling to the ground, he thought certainly the dog would capture. But still the dog didn't want any, and while the hunter was descending the tree he saw the coon making tracks in one direction and the dog in another. When he got home the dog was there, and the next day the disgusted purchaser took the dog back to the other darkey, telling him that the animal was worthless, and that something besides the truth had been told. The fellow who had sold the dog declared that he knew that every dog was good for something, if one only knew what it was—that he had tried the dog for everything he could think of except for coon hunting, and found him uniformly of no account, and it was a natural conclusion that if any one wanted a good coon dog, that dog would exactly fill the bill, and if he wouldn't "ketch" coons, he ought to be killed.

THE WORLD BE SUBLE, WADE HANSTON.—This charlatan and adventurer, who is a carpet bagger from the Lord only knows where, who has been afflicting the people of South Carolina for a number of months past by his false pretensions to the Governorship of that State, passed through the city a few days ago, on his way to Washington, whether he was going by invitation of President Hayes. This fraud was accompanied by a few other frauds of similar kidney, notably the notorious eating Bull Butler, who participated last year in the massacre of a great number of innocent and helpless negroes at Hamburg, South Carolina. This scamp pretends to have been elected by the bogus Life Club Legislature, of his State as a United States Senator and, of course, since his prospects in that direction hang upon the recognition of his master, Hampton, as Governor, he follows him along, hat in hand, to render such assistance as he can.

A crowd of blue bloods with a liberal supply of B. Select on the outside, and a parcel of little niggers and a band of music, met the "idol" at the depot, and they found time between drinks to get our little congressional pet to make a speech of welcome, only he didn't say anything about his anti-two cent economy nor the Kansas grass-hopper suffrage. Alford told Wade that he needed no introduction to "our people," and Wade returned the compliment by saying that he felt that he needed no introduction to North Carolinians. In the meantime the band played frequently, and Hamburg Butler tried to say something, but was too full for utterance, and then they all

took another drink—which was duplicated, triplicated, quadruplicated and multitudes, and then the whistle sounded and a crowd of frauds went one way and another crowd of — wandered each his devious way.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN.—This distinguished gentleman, Governor of South Carolina, passed through this city a few days since, accompanied by an escort of friends, en route to Washington in response to an invitation of the President of the United States. He was met at the depot by a number of gentlemen, and in a conversation, stated that he was going to Washington at the request of President Hayes, to consult upon the question of the restoration of domestic tranquility in his State. He said that the President had already been informed of the status of affairs there, and he could not assure him of the fact that he, Governor Chamberlain, had been elected by a majority of the people of South Carolina as their Governor, that he did not go to seek recognition at the hands of the President of the United States, for he had already been recognized by the people of his State—the only tribunal to which such recognition belonged—that he would take pleasure in assuring the President of the establishment of his authority as Governor of South Carolina, and that he would soon put the turbulent disturbers of the peace where they ought to do the state some service under the charge of an over-see, if his Excellency the President would only withdraw the federal bayonets from the state and allow him to enforce the law.

The Governor is looking in the health and seems confident that the final result of the embargo in South Carolina will result in the permanent establishment of lawful government and unimpeded acknowledgment of his position.

Nasby's *Sans Day Agency* publishes in the *Post* the "Sans Day Agency" over the Democratic defeat. In the dust of legislation, says Nasby, we throw our own dirt on the scoundrel. Hair-cloth we wear next to our heads, diggeratively. Wood that goes about next to a wuz a proper mode of expressing grief, for then we could go into the deepest kind of mourning without changing our costume.

There be three things which are no wonder for me, ye, four, five, I am blest of! I know.

What the Democrat would do as a High Jim Comand-shun.

Why it didn't beat the coming of High Jim, if it had to be over.

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Why we wuz dust with wood in the leadership which didn't cannot be taken by force.

CITY ITEMS.

What's the yoose uv holdin the keers ef' r'oo don't dare to bet em?

We stand over the carcass uv reform and weep; me, and Morrissey, and Cronin, and Wood, and our teers drain our systems.

The Democratic camp is damp with teers and we have not the wherewithal to replace the moischer that goes from us.

Tilden departs uv purity in government, and will go back to railroad wreckin.

Morrissey sez the government may keep on bein corrupt all he keers, and he is goin back to his fare banks.

Field sez there ain't no hope of purifyin the government, and he will go back to defendin theories.

I wud hev saved the country, but ez the country didn't want to be saved it may be tothered.

To Noo York will I go, and will set up my tabernacle there.

Ez long ez there is whiskey ther will be Democracy, and ther shall I flourish among the faithful.

I will rent me a bar room and will wear a plug hat, and be a statesman, and hev politikle influence in the sixth ward.

I will be captain uv fifty and get to be an Alderman.

I will go to the legislater and will do for the State what the nashen reposed in.

The stin which the fedrel builders reposed, will become the hed uv the State corner.

PETER LUM V. NASBY, Ex-Reformer.

A Cruel Thrust.

The severity of the affliction of the Northern Democrats and supporters of Tilden for the South may be judged by the following extracts from an editorial article in the *New York Sun*. Before the election, the *Sun* was quoted in the South as one of the staunchest defenders of that section. It certainly was one of the ablest and most industrious of like supporters, and excessively clamorous for a "Solid South." Before the appointment of an ex-Confederate officer and a Democrat to the position of Postmaster General, by President Hayes, it says:

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wilmington, N. C., March 27, 1877.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, declare James A. Lowery and Flavell W. Foster elected Aldermen in the First Ward.

L. J. THORNTON, Registrar, Upper Division, First Ward.

W. H. YOFF, Registrar, Lower Division, First Ward.

J. C. PITTMAN, O. A. WIGGINS, CHAS. H. THOMAS, WHITMAN WILSON, Inspectors Upper Division First Ward.

S. W. HOLDEN, J. H. STRAUSS, JNO. H. BROWN, WILLIS BYRD, Inspectors Lower Division First Ward.

Wilmington, March 28, 1877.

We, the undersigned Registrars and Inspectors of Election for the Second Ward, in the City of Wilmington, under an act passed by the Legislature in the year 1877, do hereby certify that, at an election held in this Ward in obedience to the aforesaid act on the fourth Thursday in March, in the year 1877, for two Aldermen from the Second Ward, the following to be the true result of said election:

Chas. D. Myers received 225 Votes.
Henry G. Flanner " 276
Roger Moore " 49
John Colville " 101
G. W. Murray " 1
H. Voller " 1
John Dawson " 1

And we do further certify that Henry G. Flanner and Charles D. Myers, having received the largest number of votes cast at the aforesaid election, are hereby declared duly elected as Aldermen from the Second Ward in this city for a term of years commencing on the first day of June, 1877, and ending on the fourth Thursday in March, 1880.

T. C. JAMES, Registrar in Second Ward.
S. VANAMRINGE, J. H. BROCK, GEO. H. JACKSON, J. J. BOWEN, Inspectors.

Wilmington, N. C., March 27, 1877.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED JUDGES, duly qualified to hold an Election for Aldermen for the Third Ward, of the City of Wilmington, on the Fourth Thursday of March, 1877, pursuant to an Act of the General Assembly of North Carolina, entitled "An Act to amend the Charter of the City of Wilmington," ratified March, 1877, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct statement of the votes cast at said Election:

L. H. Bowden received 209 votes.
Henry VonGlaben " 221
B. F. Mitchell " 101
L. E. Rice " 85
Scattering " 2

And we hereby declare that LEMUEL H. BOWDEN and HENRY VONGLABEN, having received a majority of the votes cast, are elected Aldermen of the City of Wilmington from the Third Ward.

JAS. W. KING, Registrar.
J. G. ROBINSON, J. H. ANTWELL, ALLEN EVANS, J. A. HARGRAVE, Judges.

Wilmington, N. C., March 27, 1877.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, Registrars and Inspectors of the Election held in the Fourth Ward, this day, hereby certify that the following is a true and correct statement of the votes cast for Aldermen:

W. L. DeRouet, 151 votes.
O. G. Parsley, Jr., 146
John Dawson, 216
H. Voller, 278
Irregular, 11

Signed
W. B. HENRYFORD, J. H. LILLER, JAMES K. CUTHBERT, ELIAS HALL, Inspectors.

C. W. O'LEAHAN, Registrar.

Wilmington, N. C., March 27, 1877.

FIFTH WARD.—WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, do hereby certify that, after being sworn, we did open the Polls in this Fifth Ward, according to law, and that the following were the persons for whom the votes were cast, for Aldermen:

Isaac W. King, received 219 votes.
Joseph C. Hill, 262
Wm. H. Goodman, 118
John D. H. Alexander, 93

J. COLLIER, Registrar.
A. G. BARNITT, Judge.
ALFRED BOWLE, Judge.
J. W. HILLER, Judge.
JOHN H. WADDELL, Judge.

Wilmington, N. C., March 27, 1877.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, Registrars and Inspectors of the Election held in the Sixth Ward, this day, hereby certify that the following is a true and correct statement of the votes cast for Aldermen:

Isaac W. King, received 219 votes.
Joseph C. Hill, 262
Wm. H. Goodman, 118
John D. H. Alexander, 93

J. COLLIER, Registrar.
A. G. BARNITT, Judge.
ALFRED BOWLE, Judge.
J. W. HILLER, Judge.
JOHN H. WADDELL, Judge.